

got tired and said he'd swim ashore and bring us help. He plunged in, and in a few minutes he called out that he was on land at the bottom of the steep bank of the railroad.

LAST THEY SAW OF MILLER.

"Section Boss Breat, of the Lehigh Valley, and a workman were on top of the grade, and told him to wait until they could get a rope. Miller called out, 'Just give me a hand,' when the lanterns moved up the track. That was the last we saw of poor Fred until they found his body fourteen hours afterward. He must have got exhausted and fell back into the water to drown."

"Mrs. McBride and I could paddle with our feet in the water from our perch in the apple tree. For two hours and a half we sat there in the forks, screaming for help, almost freezing with cold. Then a locomotive with a flat car full of men ran down and stopped abreast of us. Over to the southeast we could see the church and the lumber yard fire, and we thought the whole town was burning. Then there was a long black streak, and the fifty or more railroad lanterns swinging and flashing right there before us like fireflies. 'Keep up your courage!' the men shouted, and we shouted back."

"Plunk! something went into the water near the tree. 'We're throwing you a line!' called out the men. Again and again the line fell wide or short. At last the lead on the end of it hit me on the thigh, and I grabbed it as I would my dying breath. It was only a fish line, but as I pulled it in I saw that it was the leader for a good stout rope. 'All right, boys!' I shrieked, and Mrs. McBride shrieked too, and then began to cry."

"First I tied her securely under the arms and over the shoulders, and then tied myself. 'Pull her in!' I yelled, and as the boys in the house cheered and the men on the bank whooped Mrs. McBride and I went cutting through the water like a yawl in tow of a record-breaking steamer."

MILLER HAD FIVE CHILDREN.

Miller was a boatman on the Raritan, and when his body was found at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon it was removed to his shanty home in South Bound Brook. He left a wife and five children, and was forty-five years old.

All this time, over in the town, the main street was a raging torrent. At about 9 o'clock the water crept up into the line-house, in the lumber yard of L. D. Cook & Co., on Hamilton street, near the corner of Main street, and opposite the Jersey Central Depot. A few barrels of lumber were stored in the shed, and the water leaked it. The heat set fire to the lumber, and, lashed by the gale of wind blowing, the three or four acres of sheds and piles of lumber were ablaze. Two hundred yards to the east was the Presbyterian Church of the village, and it, too, soon caught. On the hill to the south gleamed three or four thousand marble headstones, white indices of the dead of nearly two centuries."

All the town was out to see. To look was about all they could do. The three

hundred companies of the village were promptly on hand with their tools and ladders and hoses. The pressure of water from Clinton Rock is about sixty-five pounds to the foot and no engines were needed. But all about the burning pile was a lake, reaching to the high ground on the south, and the flames were powerless. Chief Caudy, who lives only three blocks away, was peering in his store window from a potato stand in his shop, and from a potato stand the little efforts of his volunteers.

FIRE MAN ON A BARGE.
Wooley Alphonse of Alphonse & Butt, the largest grocers in the town, ran from his three-story brick house, abutting on the lumber yard, into the street of water. He waded breast deep toward the hill ground, the railroad tracks in front being submerged. A board fence runs up against the rear of Alphonse's house. He climbed it, and sat there calling upon every man whose face he recognized in the glare to save him. Mr. Alphonse is short and weighs 240 pounds without his overcoat. The firemen put off from the barroom of the Berkeley Hotel opposite in a skiff, Dominie Goodrich, of the Congregational Church, was captain. The boat was overloaded, so anxious were the firemen to distinguish themselves by a naval rescue. Two or three of the rescuers were dumped out into the flood. Dominie Goodrich, impatient of delay, jumped overboard and floundered in the place where Mr. Alphonse was perched. "Be of good courage!" he yelled, and all the crowd echoed, "Keep your balance, Woolsey!"

The dominie was unequal to the task of shouldering the 240 pounds of Alphonse, so he patted Mr. Alphonse's feet and encouraged the boatmen. Alphonse was rescued at 10:02 o'clock.

In the meantime volunteers from Plainfield, Somerville and Dunellen had arrived, but they could do no more than join the Bound Brook firemen on the hillside, and remain inactive. It was believed for several hours that the long row of brick and wooden buildings on the north side of Main street, between Hamilton and East streets, would next go, and the excitement was intense, as in many of these buildings were huddled families, unable to escape through the flood. Boats were sent to the rescue and more than a score of people removed to safety after great difficulty. But the fears were groundless, as the wind remained steady from the southwest, and the eddying current, which they caused no damage. By midnight the fires were practically extinguished, although the blaze here and there among the ruins of the church and the lumberyard showed the hundreds of spectators the muddy, rushing waters of the flood.

SOME OF THE LOSSES.

Messrs. Cook & Co. place their loss at \$30,000, partly covered by insurance. The Presbyterian Church was insured for \$10,000 and the organ for \$2,000. The church was originally built in 1884, was burned and rebuilt in 1889. A second fire destroyed the edifice in 1890, but a third church was erected on the old site the same year, and a fourth church will undoubtedly be built within the year 1896. The Rev. T. E. Davis is the present pastor. The building was of frame and wood, and the more so the city gas vestones all about it, some of the graves having been there from the seventeenth century.

When daylight came the main street of the town was a torrent of dirty water. On the north side, standing ankle deep in water, were hundreds of people, their foot-hold being the submerged porches of the houses and the various stores which line the street, while across the tracks of the Central Railroad station, an even greater concourse of people, on old scows, manned by men wielding long propelling poles, carried the more adventurous from one side to the other for the modest fee of \$1 per person. The crowds were essentially good natured, and bacchanalian songs were borne away by the breeze. Chorus of "Pull for the sailors," "Rocked in the Cradle of the Sea" and "A Life on the Rolling Waves" were sung with enthusiasm. The train into town brought hundreds

of sightseers, who had been told that the Johnston flood had been eclipsed.

The Bound Brook woolen manufactory, employing 300 hands, was flooded, and had to stop work. Mr. Einstein, the proprietor, said, however, that he had prepared for the flood, and his loss was trifling.

Everywhere along the railroad tracks and along Main street were scattered sheds, wagons, carriages and debris of every kind. But it was a gala day for Bound Brook, and the barrooms filled up with beer on wooden horses and sold lager as fast as it could be drawn. The Port Reading, the Philadelphia & Reading, the New Jersey Central and the Lehigh Valley Railroad all lost considerable from damaged roadbeds and washed away platforms.

POCAHONTAS LAKE BURST.

Cakes of Ice Swept Through Morristown by Floods of Water That Endangered Fifty Lives.

By the bursting of the Pocahontas Lake dam at Morristown, N. J., on Thursday afternoon the lower part of the town in what is known as "Molasses Hollow" was inundated and partially wrecked by great cakes of ice, some of them twenty-five feet square, that were swept along by the flood.

The lake covered seventy-five acres, to a depth of twelve feet, and was about a third of a mile from the lower part of the town. It is really a part of the Whippany River, which extends from Mendham to Hanover. Morristown is in the valley between these two places.

Mrs. Mary Malley's house, at Water and Flagger streets, a double cottage, was almost knocked from its foundations. The porch that ran along its entire length was cut away as clearly as though it had been sawed. The water drove the occupants to the upper floors. John Gannon, a bus driver, drove his horses into the flood until they were almost swimming. The roof of the bus was just below the second story window, and Mrs. Malley's five grandchildren stepped out upon it and were driven away. The vehicle was almost overturned by a huge cake of ice.

Mrs. Malley's daughters, Kate and Annie, and Mrs. Eliza Mooney were taken out in a rowboat manned by J. Boyd Hadley, Fred Schrandenbach and Louis Lefron. These young men also gave assistance to many other families. Mrs. Malley, who has lived in the hollow for more than forty years, refused to leave the house, and her son remained with her. The young men supplied them with provisions.

The work of rescue was most difficult, for the water was running like a mill-race and a boat was in momentary danger of being crushed in the ice. There was peril attending several big logs and trees that were borne on the surface of the flood. An extension to John Horsfield's house, to which the rescuers had their boat tied while they entered the house, collapsed just as the young men had left it.

John Sweeney's house, in Water street, near Flagger, was completely ruined. He and his wife were taken out in a boat. Miss Nellie Cody, who lives across the way, and her same manner. In Cole and Abbott avenues and Centre street houses were invaded by the water, and where occupants were not taken out in boats they were brought to safety on improvised rafts. Mrs. Tocci in her excitement leaped into the water, but she was promptly pulled out by William Heath, a barber, who assisted in the rescue of at least fifty persons.

The bridge that spans Water street was an one-time ten feet under water. Lower down the stream, running under the Morris & Essex Railroad tracks, through a heavy stone archway, Abbott avenue houses were invaded by the water, and where occupants were not taken out in boats they were brought to safety on improvised rafts. Mrs. Tocci in her excitement leaped into the water, but she was promptly pulled out by William Heath, a barber, who assisted in the rescue of at least fifty persons.

The Whippany Railroad, that runs from Morristown to Whippany, had about four feet of water over its entire length—four miles. The roadbed is ruined. Five bridges between Whippany and Morristown were swept away. The amount of damage done in Morristown county will aggregate several hundred thousand dollars.

WAVE TORN CONEY ISLAND

Iron Pier Bulkheads and Pavilions Destroyed by Billows That Rolled from Ocean to Creek.

Coney Island was nearly cut in two by the storm and \$200,000 damage was done along the shore line from Norton's Point to the Oriental Hotel.

The entire end of the new iron pier was carried away. Its sheathing of piles was uprooted as if the big timbers were but match sticks, and strewn along the beach for a mile in either direction. The iron railings were twisted and broken from their fastenings. Before high tide, at 1 o'clock, the water mounted the bulkhead separating it from Gravesend, Unionville and Sheepshead Bay and flooded the meadows and roads in all directions. Two Italians sleeping in a hotel in Tilton's Walk were lifted bodily in their house and deposited twenty feet away in the sand.

The piles from the iron pier were dashed by the waves against the runways leading from the bathing pavilions of Tilton Doyle Palmer, Devlin Stauck and Ravenhall, and the walks were destroyed. The Coney Island and Brooklyn trolley tracks were badly washed out along Sea Breeze avenue and the Concourse between West Brighton and the Boulevard was torn up in many places.

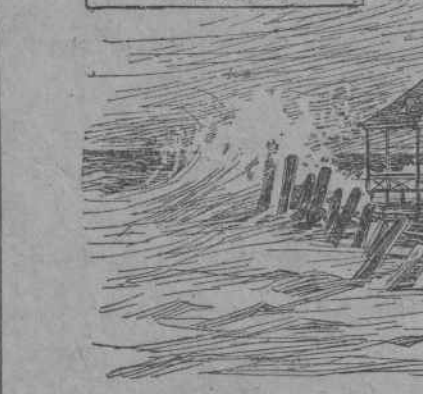
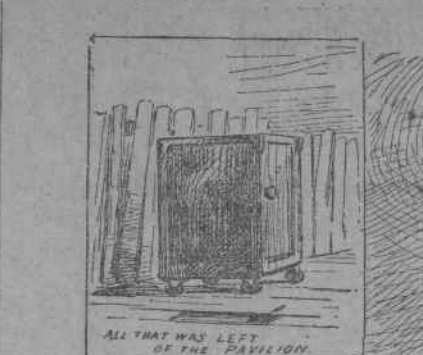
TOSSED PAVING STONES.

In front of the Ocean House the Belgian blocks used for pavement were torn up by the waves that broke over the bulkhead and were tossed about. Piles from the bulkhead were uprooted and thrown almost on the hotel porch.

At Brighton Beach the sheathing of the plank walk on the bulkhead was entirely destroyed and the lawn was washed out at the western end. What remained of the lawn was covered with stone blocks from the sidewalks, bottles, boxes and foams in indescribable variety. Beyond the beach the Landmark Pavilion was entirely demolished. Its foundation of piling was left standing, but the superstructure was blown across the place where the plank walk was, and broken on the sands. The Marine Railway Station at that end was half buried in sand drifts. The railway itself, as is usual in storms, was washed out and sections of its track twisted into resemblance of corkscrew ringlets. The plank sheathing of the bulkhead at Manhattan Beach was torn away with its railings and hundreds of feet of lawn was destroyed. The Oriental Hotel grounds suffered.

TWO CONEY ISLANDS.

Beyond the park the ocean made an effort to cut Coney Island in two. The bulkhead consists of six feet of piling filled with stone. The great waves lifted the stones out of the barrier and made playthings of them. A way was swept through



the bulkhead and there were two Coney Islands. Waves howled across the intervening sands, and the east end of the island was cut off from communication with the west end. Had the storm continued at the height of its fury, an hour longer the channel to the inner bay would have been made permanent.

Sheepshead Bay felt the full fury of the storm. The road from Gravesend to Coney Island was flooded to a depth of six feet and is not yet passable. The wind roared through the three-foot eyes of the elephant at West Brighton and made a deep-toned profound bellow similar to that of the siren at Norton's Point.

Cometor Frank Griffin, W. F. Lennon, John Bennett and Walter Jones spent the night on an open scow moored to an uncompleted bulkhead at Bergen Beach and were rescued in an exhausted condition yesterday.

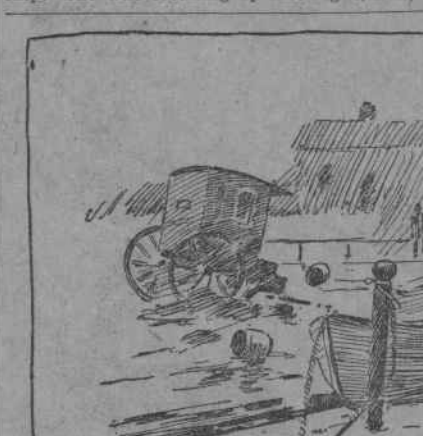
ALL NIGHT IN THE RIGGING.

Twenty-Three Men Taken from the Lamington, and the Iron Ship Is Fast Going to Pieces.

Twenty-three men who were on the steamship Lamington, clinging to the shrouds, with an occasional rest on the bridge, for thirty-six hours, without food or drink, were taken off one by one in a breeches buoy, yesterday morning.

The vessel lay rolling on the outer bar, about 200 yards from Patchogue village. A life line had been shot across the steamer Thursday evening, but no one dared try to reach it until late in the night, and it was fastened to the mainmast. The ship rolled so hard that Captain H. H. Williamson, sailing master of the Linckbeach Wrecking Company, who, with some of his men, had been caught aboard, told Captain Duff that unless the hold were flooded the masts would go overboard and everybody would be drowned. With Duff's consent Williamson made his way into the hold and opened the sea valves in the engine room. He was gone so long that the men thought that he had been drowned. In half an hour he came up and the half-lifeless seamen gave a feeble cheer. The ship filled and settled in the sand. Five poles were drowned in the hold. The settling of the vessel steadied her, but every sea went over her.

At dawn Second Officer Russell entered the breeches buoy and was drawn to shore, and by 9 o'clock all the men were off the ship. She was breaking up last night, and



Where the Body of Fred Miller, the Drowned Boatman, Was Found

He had started in a skiff, with two persons, in the night, from the Port Reading Hotel, shown in the sketch. The boat struck the apple tree and was wrecked. The passengers and the boatman climbed the tree, but after they had grown tired of sitting in the branches Miller started to swim to the bank marked with the X and was drowned. The fireman shown at the right had tried to put out the flames in the Bound Brook Presbyterian Church.

with her \$100,000 cargo of Spanish and Italian fruit, will be a total loss.

THE STORM ON LONG ISLAND.

Villages Along the Southern Shore Suffered Great Damage.

The storm of Thursday afternoon and night did great damage in some parts of Long Island. Villages along the ocean front lost heavily. In Arverne and Far Rockaway three small houses were blown down by the gale, and the house owned by Henry Teft, at Wave Crest, near Far Rockaway, was carried into the bay.

The Hog Island and Lawrence beaches suffered greatly. In the Beach channel three large sloops were wrecked, and Henry Kager, while looking out for the



lumber were swept away at Camden, and Gloucester Point was left a wreck by the receding water. The losses in these two places will reach \$30,000. The city of Burlington was almost submerged, and the loss is \$15,000. At Nesheor the New Jersey Central lost an iron bridge and three miles of track, the damage in the town amounting to thousands. Trenton and Frenchtown were also flooded.

How the Beach at Coney Island Looked After the Storm.

Landmark's Bathing Pavilion was lifted 4 from its pile foundation and thrown by the broken up. The debris was carried far inland. The Marine Railroad, 18,000 feet long, was completely destroyed and the station house wrecked.

Several small houses in Rahway were carried away. There were many washouts along the Peckham River, two large dams giving away. The house of John Roberts near Cedar Grove was flooded, and it was only by the greatest heroism that Mr. Roberts saved himself, his wife and five children. In Somerville six persons were overtaken by the flood and were obliged to pass the night in trees.

Along the coast considerable damage was done by the sea.

MANY SHIPWRECKS REPORTED.
Two Vessels Ashore Off New Jersey, and Barges Lost in the Sound.

Reports of shipwrecks were received from various points yesterday, the heavy wind continuing the danger upon the ocean. An unknown two-masted schooner is reported in distress off Cape May, N. J., and the sea is so rough that the life savers have been unable to take off her crew. She is fast on Bound Shoal and is expected to go to pieces. Her crew is in great peril. The schooner A. A. Shaw, ashore near Atlantic City, is expected to prove a total loss. Her crew was rescued.

A dispatch from Bridgeport, Conn., says the ocean tug Thomas T. Scully, of South Amboy, N. J., was picked up yesterday in a disabled condition. Four barges she had in tow were cut adrift. One of them sunk, the crew escaping on another. The eight men on the barges were all saved.

CHANNEL LIGHTS WERE OUT.

Vessels Arriving Off Sandy Hook Could Not Come Up Last Night.

No vessels arriving off Sandy Hook dared try to come up the harbor last night. The electric lights in Gedney's Channel

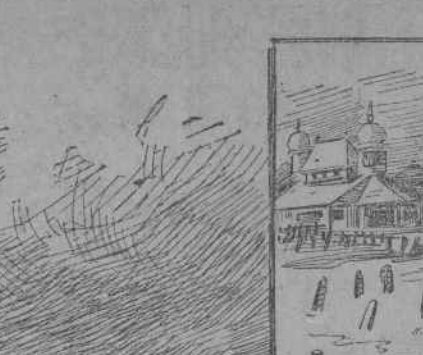
were all out, the connections having been broken by the storm.

Vessels anchored in the upper bay dragged their anchors. None were injured. City of Chicago, of Bristol, and Swansea, the Patomac, of London, and the Alvena, of Kingston, which had been at sea to keep from being blown ashore, arrived yesterday.

The ship J. B. Walker was still hard aground on Liberty Island yesterday. Three wrecking tugs pulled at her in vain.

BLOCKADE OF MILK TRAINS.
Late on All Roads, and Some Did Not Get in Till Nightfall.

Six hundred thousand quarts of milk are used in this city and its suburbs daily,



which usually comes into the railway stations before the dawn in 15,000 forty-quart cans. Milk trains were from four to twelve hours late yesterday because of the storm. The blockade of milk wagons at ferries and depots, particularly at Jersey City, obstructed other business during the forenoon. The condensed milk companies doubled their ordinary deliveries.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western trains got in first, three hours late, and the Harlem road milk cars did not reach the city until nightfall. The quantities delivered at the stations by the principal lines were as follows: New York, Susquehanna & Western, 1,615 cans; Erie, 3,751; Harlem, 2,738; West Shore, 1,216; New York, Ontario & Western, 3,100; Northern New Jersey, 400; New York & New Haven, 700; New Jersey Central, 235; Lehigh Valley, 370, and smaller branch lines, 800 cans.

The large milk dealers were all on their mettle during the day. Every man who could be hired was pressed into service. Routes were divided and extra wagons sent out. There will be no idle milkmen in New York this week, for it will take several days for the trade to entirely recover from the tie-up.

LAWYER MURPHY'S BAIL.

A Poughkeepsie Grocer Offers to Go on His Bond—Bogus Claimant Humphrey Has No Sponsors.

William D. Murphy, the lawyer, and John James Humphrey, the bogus claimant, who were committed for perjury by Judge Dugro in the Supreme Court on Thursday, are still in the City Prison.

Lawyer John E. Burke, of No. 20 Broadway, who was employed to prosecute Humphrey's case, had a long talk with Murphy yesterday morning. About 3 p. m. he entered the office of Chief Clerk Unger, in the Criminal Courts building, accompanied by William T. Reynolds, of No. 229 Mills street, Poughkeepsie. Mr. Burke said that Mr. Reynolds was a member of the grocery firm of Reynolds & Cramer, and offered to collect from the story house and lot, 60x300 feet, worth \$15,000, as security for Mr. Murphy's release on bail. He thought the District Attorney should accept good Dutchess County realty.

After considerable running to and from the room of Assistant District Attorney Vernon M. Davis it was decided that the matter should stand over until to-day.

The Mr. Burke went back to the Tombs and had another interview with the prisoners.

"I am placed in a most unpleasant position," said Mr. Burke yesterday. "Humphrey told me positively that his mother was dead, and that the High Humphrey whose account he sought to collect from the Biecker Street Savings Institution was his uncle. I had not the least doubt when I entered the Supreme Court that I should win the suit. I had every right to suppose I had been told the truth, as soon as that bail bond is signed to-morrow I shall wash my hands of the whole matter. I shall have nothing to do with Murphy."

Assistant District Attorney Little will get the witnesses against Murphy and Humphrey together on Monday and endeavor to secure indictments from the grand jury. Humphrey's wife and several other friends called upon him yesterday, but he received no offer of bail. He expects to remain in jail until after the Grand Jury has taken action.

THE FIELD FINDS FAULT.

Thinks the Dunraven Committee Should Have Found His Charges "Not Proven."

London, Feb. 7.—The Field to-morrow will confess that the report of the committee of the New York Yacht Club, which investigated the charges made by Lord Dunraven against the Defender syndicate, impresses one by its impartiality, but will say it thinks the committee should rather have declared the charges not proved rather than disproved.

Chamberlain Invites Krueger.

London, Feb. 7.—The London Gazette prints a long dispatch sent by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, to Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner in South Africa. Mr. Chamberlain suggests a scheme of reforms, including the granting of United Kingdom citizenship to the Transvaal. He invites President Krueger to visit England to discuss the questions at issue, and says that if he is unable to come he (Mr. Chamberlain) relies upon Governor Robinson to prosecute the negotiations and uphold the Anglo-Boer convention of 1884.

Magowan Will Secure His Divorce.

Trenton, N. J., Feb. 7.—Frank A. Magowan, ex-Mayor of Trenton, who is suing his wife in Oklahoma for a divorce, will probably receive his decree by default, Mrs. Magowan having decided to withdraw her defenses in the suit. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Magowan have reached a settlement by which Mrs. Magowan and her children have been provided for.

VICTIMS OF THE FLOOD RECOVERED.

Six Lives Were Lost by the Sudden Collapse of the Pequotuck Bridge.

Three of the Workmen Are Still Hidden Under the Ice of the River.

INDIGNATION AMONG THE SURVIVORS.

It is Charged That There Was Criminal Negligence Among the Railroad Men in Massing the Workmen on the Frail Bridge.

Bristol, Conn., Feb. 7.—When the roll of section hands employed in tearing down the old wooden bridge over the Pequotuck River, two miles from this place, which was wrecked by the flood of last night, was called this morning all responded except six. Three dead bodies were fished up this morning. The other three are doubtless under the ice in the pond of Plainville, three miles below, and may not be recovered for many weeks.

Following is a list of the dead: Costello, Charles, of Hartford, single; body was recovered.

Curry, Martin, of No. 104 Grove street, New Britain; he was only married two months ago; his body was found 300 yards from the scene of the accident.

Mack, James, of No. 123 North street, New Britain; married, and leaves a widow and two children; body not yet recovered.

McCarthy, Patrick, of New Britain, single; body not yet recovered.

O'Brien, Daniel J., section foreman, of No. 23 Howley place Hartford; found in the water with his head crushed in from falling timber; married and leaves a grown-up family.

Rice, Nicola, an Italian laborer, of East Hartford; was married; widow lives in Italy; his body was found one mile away.

Twelve others were precipitated into the water and were rescued. There were also eighteen other employes of the New England Railroad who were at work on the bridge at the time of the accident. When the bridge fell and they saw their companions struggling in the water, they rushed to the survivors at once went to their assistance and managed to save many of their lives.

CROWDS ON THE SCENE.

Fully two thousand men, women and children viewed the scene to-day, although there was nothing in the appearance of the insignificant looking little stream to indicate the torrent which swept everything before it last night. In fact, the only evidence of the crime was the fields of ice which had been washed from the banks and high up on the banks and roadways, at ordinary times from ten to fifteen feet above the water of the stream. (Coroner Taintor, of Hartford, reached here shortly after noon and, with the deputy, set out on this place, proceeded to make an investigation. Many officials of the railroad were present and numerous other persons. The survivors, some of whom are even still in a precarious condition. Foreman Barry is in a bad way. If the statefulness of some of the men are true, then the accident was due to the criminal carelessness of somebody.

The wooden bridge which went down was not more than forty-five feet in length. Usually it spans about twenty-five feet over the water, and the rest of the bridge was up to within four feet of the arch. The bridge was used solely for the trains of the New York & New England road, and only a single track was laid upon it. The wooden crossing was known for some time to be in a precarious condition, and the men were sent up last night to replace it with a iron bridge. It was while doing so that the wooden bridge gave way.

HOW THE MEN WENT DOWN.

It is stated now that after the men had removed most of the ties and the order was issued by the section boss for all the men to go to the centre of the bridge. Most of them did so, and then the structure, weakened as it had been by the flood, went down. The stories told by the survivors of the struggle with death in the water, dodging timber and ice, are heartrending. All of them were carried to the shore, but a few of them managed to catch the overhanging boughs of trees, and to hold on until relief came.

Kilbourne's story is perhaps the most dramatic of all. One hundred yards below the scene of the accident is another bridge made of iron, and which is about thirty feet over the water, but last night the flood had jammed the ice clean up to the arch. The man was a strong swimmer, and, while swept along with the current, he managed to keep his head over water. When he reached the iron bridge he realized that to keep in the surface meant certain death. So he dived under the mass of ice, coming up exhausted on the other side of the bridge. He was then carried down fully a mile before he caught the branches of a tree, to which he clung desperately until rescue came.

EDISON IS HARD AT WORK.

He Has Already Made Many Astonishing Discoveries Concerning the Roentgen Ray.

In his laboratory at Orange, N. J., Thomas A. Edison is working day and night at the development of Professor Roentgen's discovery of the "cathode ray."

Mr. Edison devoted yesterday to four things: First, he had a party of scientific gentlemen who represent the big electrical papers of this and other cities. They had read articles from the science weeklies of London and Berlin, but they had come to the Orange laboratory to get the facts concerning the development of the chance idea that came to Professor Roentgen.

No Whiskey at Her Christening.

Lexington, Ky., Feb. 7.—Frances E. Beauchamp, president of the State Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to-day received a letter from Secretary of the Navy Herbert in reply to the fact that the Secretary had to allow the new cruiser Kentucky to be christened with whiskey. He says whiskey will not be used.

Miss Merrilees Married Again.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 7.—W. B. Wood and Jessie N. Merrilees, of the Wood & Shepard "Town Topics" company, now at Hagan, were married Thursday evening by Justice Spaulding. The ceremony recently performed in Rochester did not satisfy the bride's mother.

Distress

After eating is promptly relieved by taking one or two of Hood's Pills, which stimulate the stomach, liver and bowels to healthy action.

Hood's Pills
Are Easy to take, Easy to operate. 25 cents.